

## LIFE ON THE WAVE.

Thrilling Tales of Adventure on the Deep Blue Sea.

Shipwrecks and Other Ills Graphically Described.

No Letters Received After 6 P. M. To-Day.

The Sea Story Contest will close to-night at 6 p. m. No letters received after that hour will be eligible to compete for the prize.

CONDITIONS.

Letters must be addressed to the "Sea Story Contest," The Evening World, P. O. Box 2,534, New York City.

WRITE ONLY ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER.

The letters must not exceed 250 words in length.

Stories must not be copied or paraphrased from books of travel, histories, etc.

Prize money and a special request must be enclosed to secure the return of any manuscript.

A prize of \$20 in gold will be awarded to the author of the best story.

## An Instance of Heroism.

It was in 1874 that the trading ship Sea Foam sailed from Key West for Liverpool.

About 10 o'clock in the evening, while the ship was near the coast, a tidal wave struck the ship, swept several seamen of the deck, carried away hatchways, masts and wheel, so that every wave ran in her bow. In short, this last wave made the Sea Foam an unmanageable wreck, the crew being forced to lash themselves to the pumps in order to work them.

Rocks rose out of the water, broad at bottom, sharp at top, which enabled Capt. Clark and his crew to see their impending fate. One of those the ship struck, tearing a hole in her bottom, and she sank like a log.

The captain and pilot happened to be standing close to the ship through which only one man could go at a time. Capt. Clark was just about to pass through when the pilot grasped his leg and pitifully cried that he had a wife and five small children whom he had to support, whereupon the captain drew back, let the pilot pass out, and then she sank with all on board.

Thus was one life saved, while another was nobly sacrificed.

A week later the divers, on examining the wreck, found the chief engineer and all the crew just as he had sunk. The chief engineer was still holding a letter in his hand from his sweetheart.

ALBERT GRAEFF.

## Stowed Away on Her Father's Ship.

To the Editor:

My father had placed me in charge of an aunt. He said I was too big a girl to be on board a ship, surrounded by sailors and without the refining influence of a woman's care.

I fell asleep, but was awakened by a fever cry. I involuntarily shrieked aloud. I was seized in a vice-like grasp and carried struggling up the hatchway, thence to the side of the vessel, where I lay in the air. I was about to be cast into the sea when I cried aloud: "Father, save my life!"

I knew no more. When I opened my eyes my father was bending tenderly over me. My adventure as a stowaway cured me of all love for the sea. S. F.

## At a Maniac Lascar's Mercy.

To the Editor:

Of all the thrilling experiences of my life, and it has been an eventful one, there is none that I call up with more real terror, even at this distant date, than that which I underwent on board a steamer journeying through the Red Sea.

It was a dark night. No friendly moon peeped from out the clouds, which the sky was murky. A fresh breeze was blowing and I determined to die. I had wandered far into the bow of our gallant ship, and was astride of an empty cask.

Hush! I heard a stealthy footstep. I turned just in time to destroy the panther-like form of a huge, dusky, one-eyed crew member, in the act of stabbing me.

I quickly dodged the blow, but before I had time to recover I felt myself seized in the strong grasp of the villain and hurled over the vessel's side into space.

As I struck the water a rope brushed passed me. With a gasp I saw that I was preserved. I grasped it and a few strong pulls soon brought me safe and sound on deck. My salvation was due to the carelessness of a sailor, who, seeing me hanging over the side, thought I was dead.

The Lascar was found, upon medical examination, to be an homicidal maniac.

You may be sure that I am now more careful about my promenades on ship-board, and never seek the bow of a vessel, especially on the Red Sea. F.

## False Lights Luring to Death.

To the Editor:

Several years ago I was on the private cruiser Don Guzman taking a trip round Ireland.

It was a dark night. We were expecting to arrive at the little port of S— about midnight. Suddenly the watch raised a cry, "Lights on the starboard bow."

We all hurried on deck half-dressed, but not doubting for a moment that these were the lights of S—.

At the first sight of the lights, and then a flash of lightning revealed to us huge, precipitous rock rising out of the sea on the harbor.

"We are lost," I shouted; "every man save himself."

But there was no need of that exclamation, for just then a tremendous wave struck the ship and lifted her off from the rock away out into deep water.

We reached our port in safety that night at the time we had expected. But what about the lights? They had been practice their evil trade on the good ship Don Guzman, bound for S—, by hanging out false lights on the cliffs near the rock known by the name of the Devil's Beacon.

I was deeply impressed by the manner in which we were saved, which was, I think, truly providential. T. B.

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Anybody who cannot enjoy an evening with such talent as this has his enjoying apparatus out of gear.

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In the opening night she was nearly overcome by the heat, and it was by sheer strength of will only that she was able to go through the performance.

Her management expect to continue her management for several weeks.

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"Is this the office?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I came to see about my ice."

"Yes," was the non-committal reply, as the man winked at the reporter.

The man looked very small to me.

"I guessed their weight to be about seventeen pounds."

"Where I ought to have twenty-five."

"Exactly."

And so I got a pair of scales and weighed the man, and he was right.

I see. How much was the shortage?"

"Shortage? Why, man, every lump weighed twenty-seven pounds, and some of them were as big as mine."

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